

EPILOGUE

Written, and intended to be spoke, at the *Concert-Hall*, on *Monday April*
10, 1758.

By Mr. S-----r.

PRAY Mr. M——e,
Why are you so keen;
I beg you will draw in your *Horn*;
For if you go on,
'Tis an hundred to one,
You'll be brought with your breth'ren to scorn.

Let T——s——n be quiet,
Nor make such a riot;
To act thus will cause his disgrace:
And, if he proceeds,
All his thoughts, words and deeds,
In the end will be found to be *Bass*.

And you *Phillip K——r*
May meet with a searcher,
Who may find (of your tho'ts) out the *Tenor*:
Take your glass and your pipe,
'Till your fancy's more ripe,
And think on your late misdemeanour

Young S——n and N——r,
Now first seen on paper,
May think Mr. D—g-s thus to cozen;
But let them beware,
Nor with him interfere,
As they value their *cal-gut* and *rosin*.

Now let me advise you,
I know 'twill surprise you,
Honest R——b, to see me go on
At a rate you'll detest,
(Nay so will the rest)
But you are my fa'vrite, dear *John*.

To D—g-s straight repair,
And offer him fair,
Say you all will return to your seat:
Leave bribbling, and brawling,
And scribbling, and scrawling,
For believe me, in that you'll be *beat*.

And you Mr. D—g-s,
Tho' you've seen their intrigues,
I beg you'd forgive your old fidlers,
For what *Robby* did write,
They *could* not indite;
And you know there will always be medlers.

I am sorry to see
Such good friends disagree,
And striving each other to hamper:
Pray take my advice;
Play—be merry—and wise,
And quietly live, like——*Frank S——r*.